

2Pac Lyrics

"If I Die 2Nite"

A coward dies a thousand deaths
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Picturing pitiful punk niggas coppering pleas
Puffing weed as I position myself to clock G's
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches
Evading the playa hating tricks while hitting switches
Bitches is bad-mouth, 'cause brawling motherfuckers is bold
But charge them hoes; the game should be sold
I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me
Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me
I run in the streets and puffing weed with my peeps
I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my Glock
Niggas is hot when I hit the block; what if I die tonight?

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]

If I die tonight
If I die tonight
Fuck it, if I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Polish your pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump
When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin' then they done
Calling the coroner, come collect the fucking corpse
He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with being boss
Revenge is the method
Whenever steppin', keep a weapon close
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes
Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails
Hit the block and fill your pockets, making crack sales
Picture perfection, pursuing paper with a passion
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted
Running with criminals individuals with no remorse
Try to stop me, my pistol posse's using deadly force
In my brain all I can think about is fame
The police know my name
A different game, ain't a thing changed
I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers
Conversating like they still here; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]

If I die tonight
Scare to die nigga, is ya, ha?
If I die tonight
Never fear, never worry

If I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Pray to the Heaven's, .357's to the sky
And I hope I'm forgiven for thug livin' when I die
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers
Pissing while practicing how to pimp and be a playa
Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her
Pistol whippin' these simps, for being petrified and lame
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain
Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear?
Don't shed a tear for me, nigga, I ain't happy here
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest
Headlines reading 'Murdered to death', my last breath
Take a look, picture a crook on his last stand
Motherfuckers don't understand; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
Nigga! If I die tonight
No fear nigga, never worry
If I die tonight
Bury me a motherfucking G, closed casket fuck it
If I die tonight
You know
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
"Tonight's the night I get in some shit"
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

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